

Poem by Ethel Lebenkoff

Penn Station Yesterday

A stranger— well dressed woman cries out to me 'why doesn't the national guard have guns?' (Hoping that guns will make us safer) GUNS make us SAFE?

How will they know? Who is and who is not Could the same woman who spoke to me be herself a brilliant terrorist? Can the man with the yarmulke be a terrorist? Are the two coffee skinned boys sitting next to me at the lecture about the New York Skyline terrorists?

Return to normalcy That is not possible

Normalcy is in the process of transformation We can just gesture as we did in the past

And those of us who frolicked in freedom will always remember Unable to explain